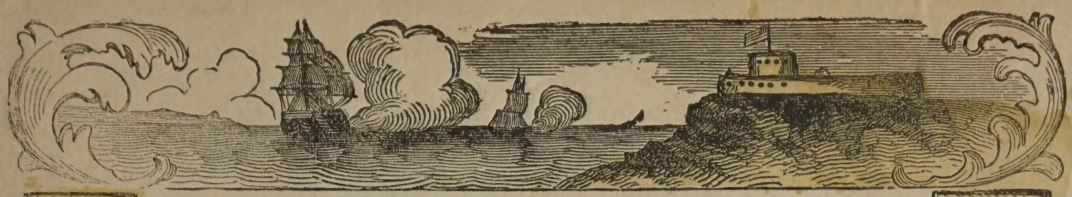

CHEER FOR THE !

PILOTS.

The sturdy Pilots put to sea,
Over the waves went they,
For a ship's dim form, in the rising storm,
Came on her trackless way ;
They saw afar, each tap'ring spar
Of a ship, whose trembling sails
Too fragile were for the tempest there,
And rent by the storm's rude gales.
Then cheer for the Pilots, whoever you be,
Who have anxiously watch'd for a friend on the sea !

The storm rag'd high, and the rocks were nigh,
But the Pilots' barque was driven
Far, far, aback from the vessel's track,
Which they to reach had striven ;
And darkness came—save when the flame
Of the vivid lightning threw
A light that bore, to their friends on shore,
The ship—but no Pilots' crew.
Then cheer for Pilots, &c.

The storm was o'er, and a calm, once more,
Was over the sea and sky;
The ships, with the tide, in the harbour glide,
But no Pilots' barque was nigh!
A mariner's form, 'mid the wrecks of the storm,
Was seen on the ebbing wave.
Its pulse was cold, and a tale it told—
That the deep was the Pilots' grave.
Then cheer for the Pilots' whoever you be,
Who brave even death for our friends on the sea !

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